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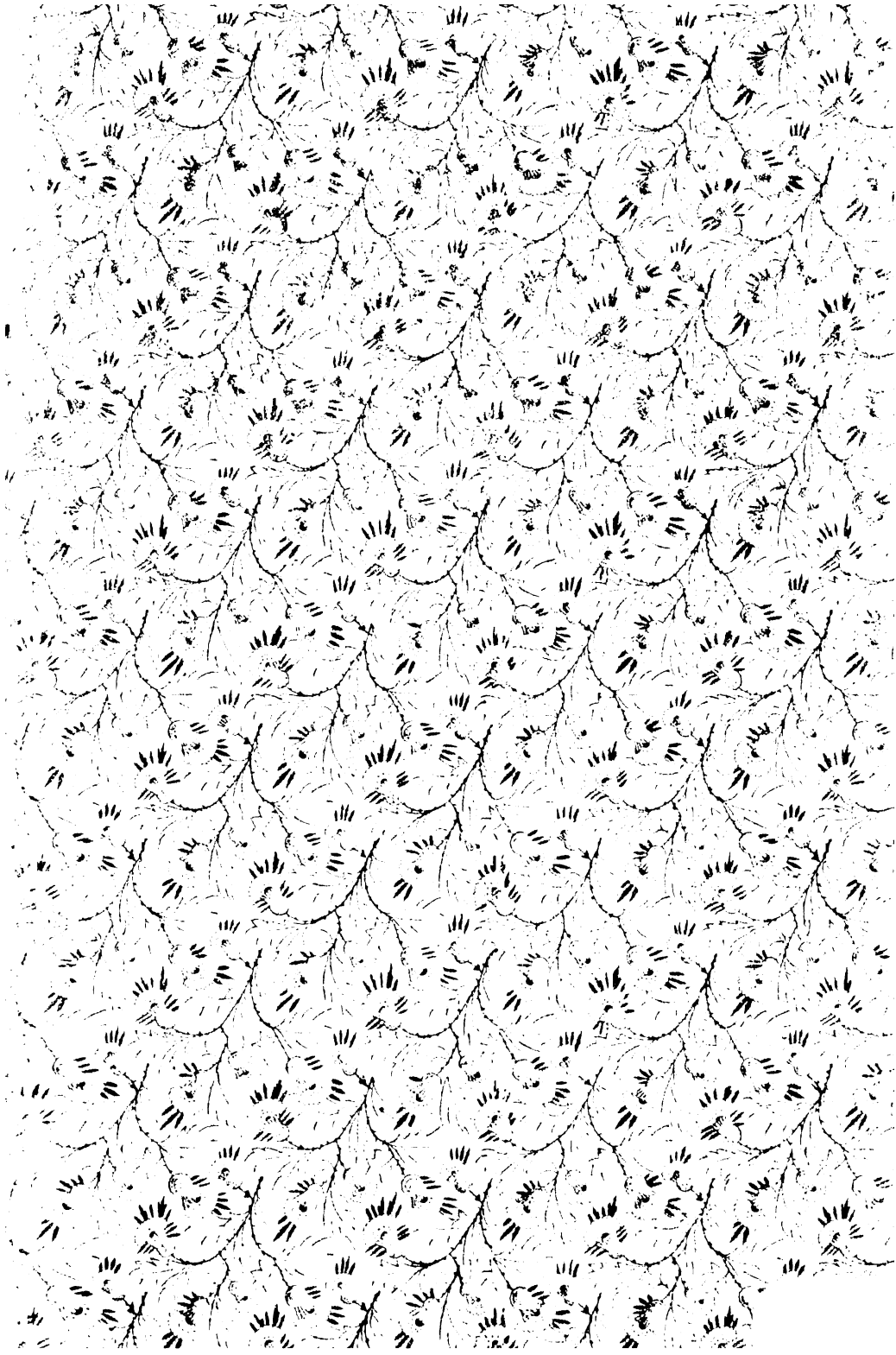

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From President Angell
Febr. 26, 1891

MUNICIPAL PATRIOTISM

BY

JOHN HENRY BARROWS

MUNICIPAL PATRIOTISM

A SERMON

By JOHN HENRY BARROWS

PREACHED AT THE UNION THANKSGIVING SERVICE
IN THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH, CHICAGO,
NOVEMBER 27th, 1890

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1890

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHICAGO COMMERCIAL CLUB

WITH GRATEFUL APPRECIATION

OF THEIR MANY SERVICES TO THIS CITY,

THIS DISCOURSE IS DEDICATED.

MUNICIPAL PATRIOTISM

For he loveth our nation and himself built us our synagogue.—LUKE vii., 8.

The Jewish elders in Capernaum were pleading with Jesus to heal the favorite servant of a Roman centurion. That Gentile soldier had shown what was then the rare and splendid virtue of loving the Jewish nation, and he had expressed his affection by building the beautiful synagogue, whose ruins, as many believe, are to-day to be seen on the northern shores of Galilee. This Roman had come to revere the Israelite faith; his heart was drawn out to that wondrous people who taught this noble monotheism, and he became in some measure a Jewish patriot. He who thus built for the fair and busy Capernaum, which was then his home, a noble house of worship, was the humble successor to the Pericles who adorned the Athenian Acropolis, and the precursor of the many who, through later ages, in Italy, Germany, France, Scotland, and New England, have shown their love to city or nation by the building of libraries and hospitals, churches and schools, orphanages and monuments, model lodging-houses, museums and fountains.

There is no civic virtue more urgently demanded in American life to-day than a wise patriotism, especially that form of public spirit which Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, of our city, has called municipal patriotism. The latter was the original type of this noble virtue. The enthusiasm of the Jew was largely a zeal for his capital city. From Babylonian exile he sent his faithful cry across the desert: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning." It was a somewhat

similar devotion, in the citizenship of Attica, which made Athens, during her brief primacy, "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence." On the Tiber the Roman built a capital embodying certain ideals, and he called that city imperial and divine, and her proudest poet sang of the ancient heroism of Æneas from which there sprang, at last, the walls of eternal Rome.

The ancient understanding of a city, as Principal Fairbairn has said, was not merely "a place where men have most congregated and built to themselves houses and workshops; where the exchange and the cathedral stand together, the one for admiration and the other for business; where warerooms run into long, unlovely streets; where narrow and unfragrant closes are crowded with the poor, and spacious, yet hard, monotonous squares are occupied by the rich." "The Latin *Civitas*, the Greek *Polis* have a nobler meaning; their cardinal and honorable sense was not the place, but the living community. They were terms that expressed all that was ideal in the state and fatherland, all that in them appealed to the heart and conscience, evoked patriotism and made freedom better and dearer than life." The ancient Civitas has become with us the Nation; but while the spirit of National patriotism has been fostered into conquering strength, and numbers among its trophies the proudest names of our century—Bolivar, Bismarck, Kossuth, Cavour, O'Connell, Abraham Lincoln—the spirit of civic and municipal patriotism has not had an equal development, and is enriched with but few splendid victories. It seems strange that men who would die for their country are willing to see their own city given up to the control of shameless boodlers, compared with whom the robber-barons of the middle ages were bands of foreign missionaries ready for

canonization. There is immense and pressing need that the spirit of the ancient freedom should again be aroused. It was the great towns of the Netherlands that earliest caught the fire from Luther's torch. Municipal liberty was achieved in European cities in advance of nationality, and the history of man's intellectual, political, and commercial emancipation sweeps in a brilliant, though often bloody, procession, through the streets of Athens and Florence, of Ghent and Bruges, of Leyden and Amsterdam, of Antwerp and Geneva.

You have heard from ten thousand tongues in recent years that there is a strong tendency of modern populations, not only in America, but in Europe, toward the municipal centers. This fact has been brought to our minds again by the disclosures of the recent census. We know that thirty years hence the majority of American votes will be cast in cities. We know that the political and moral influences of great communities are increasingly dominant over the Nation. We know that among the future possibilities of American life are a heathenism and wretchedness, concentrated in some American London, approaching the awful brutality and misery depicted by the General of the Salvation Army in "Darkest England," where the cry of distress, breaking from those pestilential rookeries, is wrung from lips purple with alcohol and crimson with fever. It is the city which Biblical inspiration makes the type of an inhuman, material civilization, that Babylon which is yet to be destroyed, whose merchants shall mourn as they stand afar off and see the smoke of its burning, the city whose merchandise is gold and silver and precious stones and pearls and fine linen and scarlet and all manner of vessels of iron and brass and marble, and cinnamon and odors and ointments, and frankincense, and wine and oil, and fine flour and wheat, and beasts and

sheep and horses and chariots, and slaves and the souls of men. Is not many a civilized metropolis rapidly becoming a ruthless machine wherein are ground up the souls of men?

Twenty years ago Professor Park, of Andover, said to a company of friends gathered about the fire in a Roman hotel: "The two most remarkable cities in the world are Rome and Chicago." We have had similar thoughts ourselves; we live in a community which has imperial dreams; which within thirty years may house a population of two millions and a half, which, while becoming the great railroad, manufacturing, and distributing center of the richest of nations, is likely to see moored by her wharves, not only steamers from Galveston and New Orleans, but vessels from Liverpool and Alexandria. But we have been too contented to be praised as remarkable, phenomenal, the future great city of the world, forgetting what immense obligations these wonderful facts imply. Chicago is past the age of mere material bigness, and is gathering to herself many elements of the higher civilization. She is no longer a mere commercial capital; she is a metropolis, with all the tremendous responsibilities belonging to one of the chief cities of the globe. Our best people, our farthest-sighted citizens, desire what Matthew Arnold somewhat inelegantly calls "the best ideas that are going." But, while we know far better than some of our critics the excellent features of our city life, the public spirit of many who are giving their time and wealth and wisdom to the improvement of the common weal; while we are proud of our schools and churches, our parks and charities, and while we hug with complacency Dudley Warner's compliments in regard to our increasing interest in the intellectual life, and while our sturdy Americanism and the firmness which throttled anarchy, and the magnificent energy

which the fire could not destroy nor dim, are recognized, it must be confessed that we can not justly claim to have reached any high degree of municipal excellence; it must be confessed that, like all other great American cities, we are governed by the criminal classes.

Mr. Moody tells of a gambling-house in Denver which has the sign: "This game never ceases." It has been going on in that city for seven years, day and night. And with more or less connivance from our city governments, this has been true of gambling in Chicago even for a longer time. And yet the Citizens' Association affirms that every gambling-house could be closed in forty-eight hours and kept closed if the Mayor chose to do it. The saloon, political corruption and practical anarchy nullify the laws and plunder the people. Many of us have come back from Europe more thoroughly American than ever, believing, as Mr. Higginson said, when he saw our New England coast from the deck of a steamer, that, "behind those low shores lie all the noblest hopes of the family of man." But, as soon as we have touched the streets of New York and seen their foulness and read in it the story of political corruption and plundering, our patriotism has been put to shame and we have been outraged by the thought that, in the management of local affairs, America is far behind many a small municipality in France or Germany.

I acknowledge that noble exhibitions of municipal patriotism have come from our Union League Club, the Commercial Club, and the Citizens' Association; that some of our rich men have built seminaries and schools, and are vigorously fighting anarchy and depravity with great missions; that some of them are enriching Chicago with works of art open to all the people; that we may point among the living and the dead, to a long list

of public benefactors who have succeeded to the spirit of the Gentile centurion of Capernaum; but, after all, the indifferentism on the part of the wealthy and prosperous, and of the mad multitude who are scrambling for riches which they know not how to enjoy, nor to transmute into the higher wealth of the spirit, has been as wide-spread as it has been criminal. Some of us have been shouting, like John the Baptist in the wilderness, for a longer period, and with much less effect, trying to awaken from selfish carelessness a community where the people generally have been too much absorbed in making money to care very deeply whether or not Chicago was ruled by its demagogues and demijohns.

In the November election of 1871, just after the Chicago fire, even New York, the least American of our cities, rose up and rid herself of a calamity more frightful than our conflagration, the Tweed ring, which had added more than twenty-eight million dollars a year to the municipal debt and entailed a moral loss to the people which is simply incalculable. Places of business were closed that day, and men without distinction of party, rose in their angry might, and in spite of fraud, carried the reform ticket to victory, ending the most disgraceful drama in recent history; and, at the last New York election, a similar triumph might have been achieved had it not been for the thirty thousand non-voting citizens who, by their action, proved that they were unworthy to hold the franchise and would better live under the Czar of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey.

Is it not high time for Chicago to awake out of her sleep? When from the heavy ordnance of an eastern navy-yard thirty-seven sunset guns were fired in honor of the thirty-seven states, we are told that a very deaf woman living in the neighborhood, looked up from her knitting, after the last thunderous report,

and meekly said, "Come in." She had just become conscious that something noisy was going on, and there are tens of thousands of fairly good people dwelling in our city who, after all the artillery and dynamite of the last ten years, are finally beginning to understand that mischief is brewing, and I hope that they will be willing for a moment to withdraw from their terrible absorption in business life, and to say to the better era that is thundering at their door—"For the sake of God and humanity, come in!" I believe that the fire of a divinely kindled patriotism is not dead, but it needs to be turned, with destructive ardor, against the chief political evils of the Republic. A great satirist has checked off some of the items in the bitter inventory, and his lines may be wholesome reading, even on Thanksgiving day.

"Only three instances I choose from all,
And each enough to stir a pigeon's gall;
Office, a fund for ballot-brokers made,
To pay the drudges of their gainful trade;
Our cities, taught what conquered cities feel,
By ædiles chosen that they may safely steal;
And gold, however got, a title fair,
To such respect as only gold can bear;
Poured our young martyrs their high-hearted blood,
That we might trample to congenial mud
The soil, with such a legacy sublimed?
Methinks an angry scorn is here well-timed."

We must not dream that our excellent system of government is a panacea for such corrupting ills. Unless the government is conducted by wise and good men, it will no more prevent and abolish such evils than a velvet coat will keep off the Russian grippe. Public sentiment is a lymph of great healing power which should be injected into a corrupted municipality, but unfortunately the public sentiment which makes itself clamorously heard by mayors and aldermen gets its diabolical

inspiration from the deeps of the sour-mash tub, and finds its business in coining fortunes out of human frailty and sin. I am informed that the stay-at-home vote in a single ward gave the control of our city a few years ago, to the saloon power that now governs it. Since the caucus, the convention and the polling-booth are the real sovereigns in America, men who are faithless here can not claim to be patriots or good citizens. Mr. Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia, has shown that city maladministration is not to be attributed to the poor so much as to men of high social position and character, who are not so worthy to exercise the right of suffrage as the most ignorant foreigner, because they refuse to exercise it, or allow their blind partisanship to enlist them in the support of bad candidates.

De Tocqueville perceived fifty years ago that the city, through political corruption, was to be a chief menace to our freedom, and we are living to-day amid the frightful realities which he predicted. Our municipal evils are rightly attributed, by Professor Bryce, to the strength of party loyalty in things where no political principle is involved. In city affairs I am thoroughly convinced that there should be henceforth only two parties—the saloon party and the anti-saloon party. The anti-saloon party would be primarily the law and order party, and, in view of our municipal needs, there is no sense in any other division of the people. The evidences are numerous that our best newspapers and an increasing number of the voters are championing political independence. Partisanship in city affairs has become like the relic which Hezekiah broke in pieces, Nehushtan, a thing of brass, the brassiest thing now in circulation, especially when embodied in partisan clubs organized to plunder a giant municipality.

Good housekeeping in our city has nothing whatever to do

with National politics. The chief element in determining the worth of a candidate is character, and not party affiliation. The majority of our people believe that honesty, and economy, and wisdom, and business methods should govern in the management of Chicago. The little town of Pullman has suggestively and instructively illustrated, in some directions, the wisdom of applying the rules of business to the control of civic affairs. Its drainage and sewerage systems have been applauded by experts, and, of course, it has abolished saloons.

I am not advocating the impossible. I believe that, by the execution of the laws we now have, the saloon nuisance in our city might be greatly mitigated, and I believe that better weapons are easily within our grasp for this conflict with the tigers and dragons of our modern world. A city like ours can not safely tolerate five thousand six hundred saloons, each controlling from five to seven voters, and Chicago should proceed to secure from the state a license legislation like that which has been so successful in Philadelphia, which in a few years has reduced the number of drinking places from six thousand to eleven hundred; and the principle of local option ought at once to be applied to our city, so that if there is a ward that does not favor the saloon it should not be compelled to have it. But these easily obtainable results will not be achieved so long as men are Democrats and Republicans in municipal affairs. I have little hope of getting substantial aid, in a citizens' movement, from ordinary men over fifty years of age who have been thoroughly educated in the spoils doctrine, and to whom the idea of trusteeship in office and of the subordination of party to the public interest has no meaning; but the younger men and all Christian women are not impervious to the higher views. The people must be inspired and instructed along this line or our fair heri-

tage will be continually given over to the swine who now trample it.

The trouble is that so many men's pockets control their politics; they weakly imagine that they can not afford to follow their consciences; they are determined not to offend their patrons; they prefer to sell their principles to get a larger sale for their goods. As Dante, the Florentine patriot, who cherished even in exile the lilied loveliness of the city of the Arno, looked upon her fierce factions as the spotted panther which impeded his poetic way up the mount of vision, so the fierce, unmeaning factions of our city life obstruct the elevation of our municipality. Therefore, an educational and moral campaign should be inaugurated. Political duty should be taught in every pulpit and in every school; the people should be trained to a civic patriotism, and the children should be instructed not only in habits of temperance and order, but in a regard for the common life of our own imperilled city. You should speak of these things to your families while you thank the bountiful Father for the gifts that have crowned the year. There is too little concern for things outside ourselves and our households; we live in a community where palaces are girded with weeds and surrounded by filthy lanes. We complain of the uncleanliness of our streets and yet contribute to the evil all the while by the careless throwing into them of dirt and garbage. Why should not the citizens assembled here to-day resolve to begin that agitation and that organization which shall certainly result in municipal reform? The most popular and respected man in this city, we have been instructed, would be the Mayor, who should impartially enforce all the laws and ordinances of Chicago.

If you are determined you may have such a ruler, instead of an "abject scrap" of a magistrate. You may have an executive,

wielding the sword of justice not vainly, and making it sharp against those who trample the statutes under their feet. If you believe that the law should be executed; if you believe that the saloon-keeper as well as the school-teacher should be under the law and not above it, you may have your very sensible convictions carried out. You may see the management of our public affairs taken out of the hands of the disreputable gang now wielding the municipal power, the slaves of beer and fire-water now dancing their ghost-dance around the City Hall. In these days of Anglo-mania there is one English habit which we ought all of us to adopt—I mean the habit of grumbling over easily prevented nuisances, and of giving ourselves the trouble of removing them. Chicago should utilize the present interest and public spirit, aroused by the coming of the great Exposition, to push through many municipal reforms and do in three years the ordinary work of ten.

Many believe that the Australian ballot system would prevent bribery at the polls. And many believe that we shall look in vain for any high standard of good government until civil service reform is applied to our city life, and we have a body of officials who shall not be turned out after every election. And the great mass of our citizens believe that the Sunday slavery should be abolished; that Sunday crimes should be lessened. Men of all denominations, parties, classes, occupations, and nationalities — Scandinavians and Teutons often more earnestly than Americans—believing that the Sunday murders are crying to heaven for judgment; believing that the thousands who are compelled to toil seven days in the week are robbed of the dearest of God-given rights, are banding themselves together into Sunday Rest Leagues, and are vigor-

ously demanding that saloons and stores and manufactories be closed according to law on the first day of the week.

But we must beware, lest by weakly permitting the government of the World's Columbian Exposition to contribute to Sunday work and Sunday disorder by opening the gates of the Fair on that day, they not only bring upon us a National disgrace, but cripple all our efforts to secure for our common humanity its right to the weekly rest-day. The government of our World's Fair would not dare to announce to-day that its gates were to be open, contrary to American precedent and American law, on Sunday, for by so doing they would destroy the interest and enthusiasm in this Exposition of, by far, the larger and better class of the American people. But we shall need to be active lest, suddenly in the end, that decision is made which, though it may possibly enrich the pockets of the stockholders, will be a lasting disgrace to our city and a measureless calamity to a Republic founded by men who honored the Word of God.

We need a revival here of the old Greek spirit which made men in some measure the servants of the state; we need to change our individual into a municipal pride. We need a generation of men who are not willing to live and die like beasts, but are determined to leave some noble monuments behind them. There is something in the life of Chicago that must stir the better enthusiasms. Great futures crowd upon us. Though many smaller cities have outstripped us in the things that make for the higher civilization, Chicago is yet to be rich with the more enduring treasures of art and of learning. This is already the educational center of the great Northwest. Here great multitudes of farmer folk and country-bred people get their first contact with some of the great things of civilization, and numbers of our citizens are determined that art

museums and galleries, opened to the many and enriched by ample gifts from our merchant princes, shall educate the people in the sense of the beautiful, revealing new realms of thought and imagination, and quickening, it may be, some rare and powerful genius.

The traveler who goes to The Hague, hurries off at once to the Maurice House, with its glorious picture gallery, enriched with the works of Rembrandt and Gerard Dou, of Paul Potter and the other masters of the art of the Netherlands. In Amsterdam he goes to the splendid Museum where he stands bewildered and entranced before the spectral glories of the "Night Watch." In St. Petersburg he hastens to the Hermitage Palace which imperial wisdom has made an immense treasure house of the choicest art. Pilgrims from all lands throng to Dresden, the capital of the tiny Saxon kingdom, because within one building there may be found more of loveliness than in the whole continent of Asia. What the British Museum and the National Gallery and South Kensington are to London, the Louvre has become to Paris; and Americans from the mountains of California to the woods of Maine flock thither, and sometimes remain there so long that, alas! many of them cease to be Americans. Surely Chicago can afford to spend many a million to make this the art center of the New World. It was said at the centennial celebration of the birth of Sir Walter Scott, that the mention of any spot by that great poet and romancer in his works, had increased the market value of surrounding acres more than the highest farming could do, and that there is not an inn or small farm-house in all the Lake Country that does not reap every summer in hard coin the results of Wordsworth's poetry.

Surely the grimmest and stoutest utilitarianism may see in

the building and enriching of art museums a profitable investment for untold capital. James Russell Lowell, standing within the walls of a Norman cathedral, once sang:

> "I look round on the windows, pride of France,
> Each the bright gift of some mechanic guild,
> Who loved their city, and thought gold well spent
> To make her beautiful with piety."

I commend these words to the mechanics and millionaires of this city. Why should we not expect that the best things of art are yet to decorate our rugged and youthful life? Though the American artist has not yet learned to tell a story like Sir David Wilkie, though he paints no battle-pieces like those of Berlin and Versailles, though he has adorned the walls of no Sistine Chapel with gigantic prophets and sibyls, like those of Michael Angelo, and though he follows afar off the footsteps of Millet and Breton, and the great men of France, he belongs to a Nation, the composite of all nations, which may yet be fruitful in great art. Without royal patronage, without the fostering of hereditary aristocracies, that which makes for the beautiful may yet flourish among us. The greatest art the world has ever known came from republican Athens, republican Holland, and the fair, free cities of Italy. And we may yet see the advent into our prosperous National life of some supreme creative genius, who shall make our own city, perhaps, as famous in the annals of the human mind, as Florence by the Arno, or that tiny Stratford-on-Avon which gave birth to Shakespeare, or that heroic Leyden whose glory is the universal genius of Rembrandt.

But there are some things which art can not do. Paris can not cure her sensualities with pictures, any more than she could

kill the commune with a canvas, even though Delacroix had covered it with matchless colorings and Millet had filled it with heavenly-minded peasants. To some of you, art in Paris may seem like a pearl on the neck of the *demi-monde*, and art in Chicago may seem to you like a diamond on a soiled and ragged robe. And though art may give a grace and splendor and dignity to municipal life, as in the cities of Italy and the Netherlands, though it may widen and brighten the field of human thought and serve the moralities, there are things of far deeper concern, which commend themselves to our consciences and our conduct. Say all that you please about the refining influences of culture, and about better laws and institutions, the primary and fundamental requirement is better men, a more Christian character. Legislation and social panaceas, and all human contrivances are vain unless the heart be renewed. What said the statesman-prophet of Israel, Isaiah? "My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill: and he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and made a winepress therein: and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes." How many historic vineyards, how many fair institutions have thus disappointed expectation! I do not look upon religion as the last resort of a people, grown desperate in trying vainly other remedies. Religion, which is essential to conscientiousness, must enter at the very beginnings and foundations of life. A traveler in a hotel in Washington, noticing the fire-escape at the window, and a Bible lying on the table, said to a servant: "What are these things for?" "The ladder at the window is to help you to escape if the hotel is on fire." "I understand that," said the traveler, "but what is the use of the Bible?" "That, sir, is to be used when the fire is so far ad-

vanced that you cannot escape by the ladder!" The builders of America and the Christian pioneers of Chicago acted on a different conviction. The Word of God was foremost in their thoughts, and if there is to be anything permanently glorious in our city life, it must descend, like the New Jerusalem of Apocalyptic vision, coming down from God out of Heaven. The history of our race, which began in the Garden, finds its goal and the fulfillment of its highest ideals, in that Holy City, the Civitas Dei, into which the glory and honor of the nations shall be carried. If this splendid vision is to be realized, in the faintest measure, on the shores of Lake Michigan, it will be through the agencies which have made other cities strong in righteousness. You must Christianize, if you would Americanize and civilize, the complex population of Germans, Scandinavians, Irishmen, Hollanders, Frenchmen, Russians, Italians, Bohemians, Hungarians, Poles, Arabs, Syrians, Africans, and Chinese. There is something startling in the fact that, as Lyman Abbott has said: "We cling to the same strap in the horse-car with men who never read the New Testament." I believe that the best missionary work on earth to-day is the planting of churches and mission schools and kindergartens in our great cities, the most neglected parts of America. The ministerial and missionary forces of Chicago ought to be quadrupled at once. We have been playing at city evangelization for twenty years. The words that have been spoken to you in regard to these things, should have sunk into your heart, as one has said, "like harpoons." This selfish lethargy must end, or we shall be weighed in the balances and found sadly wanting.

When rich men affirm that they can find no safe and wise use for their money in public-spirited charities, they reveal the grossest ignorance. When multitudes are starving for the

Bread of Life in large cities, and children are crying with hunger for the bread which feeds the body, and vital charities and moral enterprises of great pith and moment are made futile, is there a more abominable spectacle than that which Ward McAllister describes and appears to glory in—a man made suddenly rich, exhausting his intelligence and that of Delmonico's assistants in the prodigious effort to expend ten thousand dollars on a single dinner? "Whose glory is their shame, whose God is their belly." The ideal citizen is not a man who is merely a clothed and animated roll of bank stock and railroad bonds. There is many a gilded youth in Chicago who is not worth to the better life of our city, one tithe of that wealth which many a young woman furnishes by her faithful teachings in a mission school. O, young millionaire of to-day, living amid such splendid opportunities, with God's riches intrusted to you, set your face against a selfish life, against the ostentatious vulgarities which recent books have opened to our view in the American metropolis, the social contentions where *chef* vies with *chef*, and butler strives with butler, and wine-cellar contends with wine cellar, and where Worth and Redfern are the Achilles and Hector of the social battlefield! God save Chicago from such vulgar Iliads!

If, as Freemantle has said, the great thoughts of this age are science, art, politics and commerce, all of these should be utilized to our municipal upbuilding and adornment. Our city's chief glory may never be, like that of Cologne, a majestic cathedral, but all the commanding ideas of benevolence, of religion, and of learning may be realized among us, until our pride shall be redeemed from the vulgar boasting of to-day. Wordsworth was inspired to sing over the mighty, throbbing heart of London, and Victor Hugo has woven all tragedies and all epics around the Cathedrals

of Notre Dame in Paris. It is not merely the mountains and the sea that have inspired the poets, for did not Emerson write of the Puritan metropolis of New England:

"The rocky nook, with hill-tops three,
Looks eastward from the farms,
And twice each day, the flowing sea,
Took Boston in its arms—
What care though rival cities soar
Along the stormy coast,
Penn's Town, New York, and Baltimore,
If Boston knew the most."

And perhaps the time shall come when the signal weather-flags from our Auditorium tower, and the gilded ship over the Board of Trade shall be saluted by some Wordsworth, or Hugo, or Emerson of the better age, his heart thrilled and kindled by the loftiest civic pride. Sixty-three years ago the youthful Macaulay closed his famous essay on Machiavelli with a prophetic reference to the time when Italian liberty should be re-established, when the Austrian yoke shoul be broken, when the wrongs of Naples should be avenged, when a happier Rienzi should restore the good estate of Rome, and when the streets of Florence and Bologna should again resound with their ancient war-cry, "The people, the people, and death to the tyrants." God grant that the thoughts of to-day may kindle our citizenship to a purer patriotism, which shall contribute, in some measure, to the restoration of our city to that just and honest pride which shall ennoble our common life. Each one of us is eager to say with the great Apostle: "I am a citizen of no mean city." How proud was the Venetian merchant of the Cathedral of St. Mark's and the palaces along the Grand Canal. The

Florentine still looks with kindling joy at the Bell Tower of Giotto, and the bronze portals of the Baptistry. The Scotchman still cries, "All hail Edina, Scotia's darling seat." The man of Oxford is proud of his city, which divides with Genoa the glory of being the noblest built of European towns. Glasgow is claimed as being the best governed city of the Anglo-Saxon world, unless, indeed, Toronto is in this her rival. The Berliner is not ashamed of the newly-risen Prussian capital, as he looked across the river to palace and museum and splendid galleries of art. Civic pride is not wanting in far-off Melbourne or more neighborly Philadelphia. Our own city has not an ignoble future before her, and many are asking, and this is a hopeful indication in our municipal life, "What can we do to make her beautiful, with a worthy and enduring loveliness, not only in 1893, but for all coming time?" What should be the finest part of the Columbian Exposition? In my judgment, not some sky-piercing miracle of iron; not some palace of art or store-house of industry, or work-shop of machinery, or colossal bazars, crowded with all the jeweled and silken marvels of Antwerp, Brussels and Lyons, of India and Cathay; but the city herself, the Queen of the Lakes, with still more wondrous visions dancing in her brain, with her feet standing, not in the dust and mire, but on the cleanly greensward bedecked with flowers, and her head not wreathed and soiled with smoke, but bathed in God's sunshine and blown upon by the pure breezes of heaven; a great city, through whose streets you may walk with eyes and nostrils unoffended; a city whose school-rooms are thronged with all the children who should be gathered therein, and on whose thoroughfares shall be found, neither day nor night, any house of tolerated crime; a city where the laws are enforced with equal justice, and in which a quiet American Sunday, given

over neither to toil nor to vice, but dedicated to all things beautiful and true and divine, shall reveal to the world what is the crown and strength of our republican and Christian civilization.